

884K3

1922

31

MS

2

31

PS 3525  
.0884  
K3  
1922  
Copy 1

# KATRINJE



A TALE OF  
THE LONG AGO

J. RUSSELL MOWRIS











# KATRINJE

A TALE OF THE LONG AGO

BY

J. RUSSELL MOWRIS



CINCINNATI

1 9 2 2

PS 3525  
D 884K3  
1922

*Copyright, 1922*  
**J. Russell Mouris**

1

JAN 17 1923

© CIA 695576

## CONTENTS

---

	PAGE
The Christening . . . . .	9
Early Days . . . . .	10
Katrinje . . . . .	15
Petrius . . . . .	16
Love's Echoes . . . . .	17
The House That Was a Home . . . . .	18
The Garden . . . . .	20
" Mammy-Jen " . . . . .	22
Slavery Days . . . . .	25
The Wedding . . . . .	28
The Alarm . . . . .	38
The Covenant . . . . .	42
Fullfilment . . . . .	43



THE OLD LIME ROAD

# KATRINJE

---

## THE CHRISTENING

Where the Rondout winds its way,  
Like a serpent in its play,  
Twisting through the reeds and brakes,  
Till a larger form it takes;  
Joined by other streams along  
With the music of their song,  
Sometimes swift and sometimes slow;  
Like an arrow from the bow;  
Or, now, curling, twirling, go  
Crystal waters in their flow!  
Where the river's grace grows strong,  
Where it sings its sweetest song,  
Where the Catskills stretch their feet  
Till the Shawangunk hills they meet,  
Seventeen miles from old King's-town—  
Where good Dutch folk settled down—  
There, like child o'er-tired with play,  
As on mother's breast it lay,  
Drinking in that purest rest  
Such as angels give the blest;  
So the little hamlet seemed,  
For its face with beauty beamed.  
Fairest far of all its race,  
Sweet "Accord" they named the place.

## EARLY DAYS

'Twas here, so many years before,  
When known as simply "Rochester"—  
That patent name, by English Crown,  
In seventeen three, was first set down;  
Including then much more domain  
Than now that township's bounds contain.

Far back, in sixteen seventy-seven,  
A deed to England had been given,  
By Sewakenamo, Sachem  
Of Katatawis—best of them  
Who, as Esopus Indian chiefs,  
Sought to o'ercome the lingering griefs  
Attendant on that earlier day,  
When Wildwijk and Kahanesing lay  
In ruins, by the murderous hands  
Of Tory and of Indian bands.  
Then, Shawangunk, too, beyond the crest  
Of mountain, had been like distressed.  
But that, in sixteen sixty-three,  
Would soon be ancient history.  
So, now, the settlers, well assured  
That all worst things had been endured,  
With larger faith and stronger heart,  
Made living there their chief fine art!  
And, while at "Kerck Wawarssinck", they  
Were met with God to praise and pray,

Their powder dry and guns in sight,  
They watched, prepared as well, to fight.

For years, maintained on Deyo's Hill,  
A fort, long garrisoned, was still

In evidence—even as late  
As eighteen hundred sixty-eight.

A relic, then, of former times  
When psalm of life, unset to rhymes,

Had oft a broken melody  
And singing bullets set the key.

In Rochester and Wawarssinck,  
Or far beyond as one might think,  
More pleasant place could not well be  
Than right here! "Just the place for me!"

Captain Joachim Schoonmaker said:  
And here he planned his own homestead.

Nature, to him, through loving eyes,  
Revealed her heart—a Paradise!

And many generations rose  
To bless that which his wisdom chose;

And many yet, in later age,  
Will count it "goodly heritage."

What wonder then, that there should be  
Where staunchly grew the great roof-tree,

With roots so deep and branches high  
It seemed to wed to earth the sky;

While wide-extending arms o'erspread  
With safety, peace and love, 'tis said;

With meat and drink abundant share  
To guest, as well as owner, there!

The stealthy foot in moccasin,  
On friendship bent, oft came within  
To bear the news of some exploit  
Of cunning scheme or skill adroit  
Of routing wolves or trapping bear;  
And, always with some part to spare,  
Red-skin brought trophies of the chase  
To prove to Pale-face his heart's grace.

Thus compact, signed by life sincere,  
Made faith more sure each added year;  
And each day's setting sun betold  
A richer wealth by far than gold  
Piled up in coin or garnered grain  
That one could count his earthly gain;  
For sire's best legacy to youth  
Was just the simple life of truth!

By patent grant, these lands had come  
To early settlers, seeking home;  
And large estates lay side by side,  
With acres stretching hundreds wide.  
So parents oft gave children part  
Of their ancestral lands, as start  
To make their independent way—  
A dowry for their wedding-day!

Rare neighbors were these families;  
Each trading work to give more ease  
To gathering grain, when crops were big  
Or, even sticking of a pig.  
If unexpected company  
Should happen, some day, suddenly  
To come; their own men having gone  
To town, with stuff to sell; or, drawn  
On "jury duty," had to stay  
In town all night; or be away  
In that big mountain pasture-lot,  
To see the fence had no weak spot,  
Before they turned the young stock in.  
Those creatures soon got wild as sin!  
It was a sight to feast the eyes  
When, coming on them by surprise,  
With deer and fawns they ran a race  
From some sequestered drinking-place!  
When acorns and the beech-nuts grew  
In plenty, hogs were turned in, too.  
Sometimes, at night, a pig's shrill squeal  
Or calf's loud bawl would make one feel  
A chill; for everybody knew  
What hungry wolves and panthers do!  
Then to the Stokes house, 'gainst the hill,  
Near by where runs the Stony-kill,  
Where Log-town road leads to the Clove,  
With flint-locks loaded, on they drove;

Past where Awosting Falls displays  
It's beauty, in it's rainbow sprays,  
When first the sun creeps up the sides  
Of cliffs where Minnewaska hides;  
Or by the trail where Mohonk Lake  
Reflects its rocky shores, which make  
Deep caverns, where ofttimes a bear,  
Or wolf, or panther had its lair.  
And scattered round among the stones,  
Were lots of gnawed-off, whitened bones.  
They went—a dozen, more or less;  
And each man ached with eagerness,  
In hopes to reach the place of fray  
Before the "varmints" got away.  
For soon as blood was on the air,  
The old beasts brought their young ones there;  
And while the feast was at its height,  
The hunters let their flint-locks bite.  
So most homes had a rug or more,  
Or coat, or robe, some beast once wore.

## KATRINJE

Of gallant youths and maidens fair  
The country had its goodly share;  
But none more comely could be found,  
In all that countryside around,  
Than one whose grace adorned the name  
"Katrínje Schoonmaker"—the same  
In heaven and earth; for God well knew  
He need not wait to call her through  
The pearly gates, at any time—  
Her life—so simple, yet sublime!  
Her face shone forth a heavenly light  
Which told the world her soul was white;  
Her tender touch cast such a spell  
That sick folk soon grew strong and well;  
And those who'd felt the blight of sin  
Were sure they'd let an angel in,  
When, as by chance, she passed their way  
And merely spoke the time of day!  
For Sharon's rose, with fragrance sweet,  
Filled all her world with heaven complete.

## PETRIUS

Of lovers, more than tongue could tell;  
But only one, who knew right well  
That every impulse of her heart  
Formed of his own a sacred part!  
Petrius van der Marcken—he  
So much her true affinity  
That, whether she thought “yea” or “nay,”  
His mind was just the same alway!  
As stalwart as some giant oak,  
On which oft storms their vengeance broke;  
Yet left upon the passing scene  
The giant undisturbed, serene.  
Thus Petrius; so strong, so good—  
A monarch, in his realm, he stood!  
A heart to laugh, a voice to sing,  
Yet ruled, as every inch a king!  
He turned the glebe and sowed the grain;  
Rich harvests followed sun and rain:  
Barns filled so full, and coffers, too,  
Want seemed forever lost to view!  
With his delight it was to share  
And all who needed, anywhere.

## LOVE'S ECHOES

The woodman's ax rang clear and shrill  
With echoed song from distant hill;

And every stroke rehearsed its part  
In some sweet symphony of heart;

While husking-bees and singing-schools  
Had indicated all the rules,

By which a young man might proclaim  
His right to change a maiden's name.

Katrinje, too, was not remiss  
In publishing that she was his.

The radiance of her sweetest smile  
Bespoke her constant joy meanwhile.

"And now," the gossips said, "there'll be  
A wedding grand, most certainly!"

And sure enough! They watched the signs  
And plainly read between the lines;

While all about, the countryside  
Hailed with delight the future bride;

And, as the Captain's grandchild came,  
Spoke tenderly the maiden's name.

### THE HOUSE THAT WAS A HOME

Their fathers' farms together lay,  
And measured miles, in either way.  
A hundred acres from each side  
Were parents' gifts to groom and bride;  
And where farms joined, it had been planned  
To build the best house in the land!  
So rocks and stones were heaped up high,  
Where deep foundations were to lie;  
And massive walls, like battlements,  
Opposing Nature's elements,  
Grew large, upon a sightly hill,  
Where Heaven it's glory loved to spill.  
The gables stood due east and west;  
Each topped with chimney, from whose breast  
Glowed hospitality and cheer,  
When wintry winds wailed loud and drear;  
And, in the blackness of the night,  
Oft vagrant sparks would leap in flight,  
Like shooting stars, to chase away  
The goblins, ere the break of day.

The hall stretched through, from side to side;  
Its Dutch divided-doors flung wide  
Upon an apple-orchard, north;  
Where feathered songsters, bursting forth  
In rapture, sang; while honey-bees  
Buzzed in the blossoms of the trees,

Humming their songs of glad content—  
Their thanks for sweets the blossoms lent.  
And to the south, the other door  
Revealed what might have been before,  
A bit of Paradise, well gained  
Ere Sin had marked it "lost" or "stained."

## THE GARDEN

A rustic arch, o'er which was flung  
A climbing bush, where roses hung;  
As if, in redolent delight,  
Their perfumed breath sought to unite  
An atmosphere of pleasing grace  
With beauty of a pretty face!

Within, the paths all edged with box,  
Made bordered beds for pansies, phlox,  
Narcissus, marigolds—all mixed—  
'Twould seem that Nature's hand had fixed  
The color-blending of their flower  
As for a queen's reception-bower!  
And, farther on, the hollyhocks  
Half-hid the corn, with tasseled stalks;  
While sweet-peas set their flowering screens  
Where other peas ran race with beans;  
Sweet-Williams gallantly stood guard  
Where lettuce, radish and Swiss chard,  
Potato and tomato, too,  
Were on parade, for dress review.  
Gay cock's-combs blushed their deepest reds  
And slightly turned away their heads  
From where the lady-slippers stood.  
What modesty! A joke, too good!  
And there, beyond the lilac-bush,  
The rhubarb, with a gentle push,

Ran up its stalk and spread its leaf—  
So glad that spring-time brought relief!

The four-o'clocks, with half-shut eyes,  
Murmur their evening Angelus;

While lavender and mint dispense  
Their spicy odors for incense;

And poppies throw their bright-hued spread  
Above the portulaccas' bed;

And all the while, the big sun-flowers  
Have marked the passing of the hours;

Till Nicotine, from edge of night,  
Flings out her beauteous stars of white;

Which, with the stars of Heaven above,  
Breathe fragrant message, "God is Love."

---

“MAMMY-JEN”

“O Lor’ sakes, Chile! Don’ nevah say  
How’s you c’n live one single day  
’Thout dis yere ol’ mammy o’ yourn—  
Who’s nussed yer evah sence you’m born!  
In cours’, I want ter live wi’ you—  
W’at other place on earth ’u’d do  
Fer dis yere ol’ black mammy yere,  
D’ye ’spect? No, don’ you nevah fear!  
My Honey! dat place *whar’ am you—*  
Right dar’ mus’ be *whar’ I is, too!*  
Sure, I go wi’ you an’ Marse Pete!  
An’ nevah will I lif’ my feet  
Evah ter go away f’om you;  
Till angels come de glory fru,  
An’ call dis yere ol’ mammy home  
Ter git things fixed fer when *you* come!”

Could ever language more express  
Than when hearts speak? No need to guess!  
At meaning! ’Twas not so o’er-laid  
With wordy rubbish, so well said.  
That Truth—all stifled far beneath—  
Was dead; because it could not breathe!  
Ah, Mammy-Jen, a whiter heart  
Ne’er pumped blood more red, for its part

In making of the best mankind—  
Though blacker face one ne'er could find  
Than yours; which beamed its glory bright  
Like noon-day from a deep mid-night!

No need of Proclamation's word,  
Nor battle-smoke, nor fire, nor sword

To make you free! Although a slave,  
You took such place as master gave,

Like other thousands, south and north.  
Where love and truth set seal of worth

Upon Humanity as God's,  
'Twas not a question of the bloods

Which mark the difference of race  
In minds and features of the face!

The *kind of heart strings* and *their length*—  
The institution and the strength

By which mankind is bound or freed—  
A greater thing than Law or Creed!

Such bonds were yours, dear Mammy-Jen,  
As real, true motherhood had been!

While wrapping round your own off-spring  
Your heart of love and sheltering wing,

You wove into your service rare  
Such comfort for white babies there

That all distinctions, through that love,  
Were lost entirely! God above

Well knew that, should the nestlings need,  
You'd be full equal to the deed

Of shredding from your heart the strings  
And yet more widely spread your wings

To make secure the nest where they,  
In bondage of your love, might lay

Their heads against the breast where beat  
The heart e'en Death could not defeat!

So, Mammy-Jen's dear, old, black face  
And willing hand had old-time place

In the new home. Her loving heart  
Continued in its heavenly art

Of living life, in simple touch,  
Interpreting Christ's "Inasmuch."

## SLAVERY DAYS

Phoebe, own child of Mammy-Jen,  
And other women slaves, from ten  
To twenty—often more, than less—  
Were part of place and premises  
Where Miss Katrinje had been born.  
And always, from that very morn,  
Beloved by them, she loved them, too!  
Now, married she—what should they do?  
For her to pass from their life's scene,  
At once a question it had been  
As to how many there should be  
Of these old servants who should see  
Continuance with "Missus Kate"  
In her new home. So Phoebe's state  
Of daughterhood to Mammy-Jen—  
Waiting-maid and playmate had been  
Throughout the early years; and now,  
She found her place just where and how  
One might expect. Then, Lindy, who  
With Chloe, composed the kitchen crew,  
Made working household quite complete  
For "Missie Deah" and "Marsa Pete."

There too, had been men slaves, like Ben,  
And Tom, and Jake, and Mark; who, when  
The master, years before, gave land  
With freedom and with home, each planned  
To settle there in New York State.  
There some had lived till, time grown late,  
They fell asleep; and daisies hide  
Where now their forms rest side by side.  
And, over near the edge of wood,  
The grave, which sealed the widowhood  
Of Mammy-Jen, raised its low bed  
To pillow Jedidiah's head.  
Some others, by adventure stirred,  
Joined negro friends, from whom they'd heard  
Of Amherstburgh, "across the line"  
In Canada. And there, in fine,  
They found a refuge—one free town  
Where blacks could not be hunted down!  
For it must here be understood  
That all masters were not so good  
As to grant freedom to their slaves;  
In north, as well as south, white knaves  
Sought gains in bartering human flesh;  
And some fair price ne'er slipped the mesh  
Of their tight fingers' grasping greed,  
Nor stayed the pace of bargains' speed.  
So, often when oppression sore  
Made living worse than death, blacks bore

To Canada, from everywhere,  
A common weal or woe to share.  
By stealth, they took uncertain flight  
Through woods; or, covered by the night,  
Were spirited on their dark way  
And held in friendly homes by day.  
Poor fugitives, whose masters claimed  
Each pound of their black flesh, though maimed  
By cruel lash or blood-hounds' teeth;  
Or faint, the wintry storm beneath!

For this free land, which from its birth  
Had beckoned to the ends of earth  
A welcome to the world's oppressed,  
To set its seal upon distressed  
Humanity's bondage to men  
And ransom for return again.  
Should any slave slip off the coils  
Which held him as another's spoils,  
To us seems now a fairy tale,  
Fit only Hades to regale!

There's scarce one left who can recall  
The awfulness, distress and all  
The misery of that woful time  
When slave-hunting was in its prime!

### THE WEDDING

It was the month of roses—June;  
All Nature was in true attune

With that great universal theme  
Which once made Eden lovelier seem;

For next to love of God in Heaven  
Is loving heart of woman given!

Perhaps fair Luna had conspired  
With Sol; and that their hearts were fired

With that benignant element,  
And sympathetic ardor lent

To making of a perfect day.  
For every cloud was tucked away,

Except a few—like curtains hung  
About the dome of heaven—strung

As dainty, festooned draperies,  
Giving air of sumptuous grace

To some grand, regal banquet hall.  
And softly filtering over all,

Fell glory of Sol's radiance—  
A king's welcoming cognizance!

Andries, goodman of the house vied  
With Sol; Annje, his wife, supplied

That queenly grace, which makes a home  
More than a place to which to come.

Preparations in course had been  
For many months; and all were in  
Expectant state of hearty glee;  
And yet, with that solemnity  
Which marks the presence of a joy  
Borne in on angels' wings—convoy  
Of God's best gifts to men, at times  
When ring in human hearts the chimes  
Of heavenly music, when speaks God's voice,  
In sealing some eternal choice.

“Squire” Klaerwater, a family friend,  
From Kings-town had come to put an end  
To such matters as might deserve  
The law's hand, by which to conserve  
To youthful twain “rights to possess”  
In friendly peace and happiness.  
So he his seal and signature  
Had fixed to deeds, to make secure  
The new home, with lands and other  
Gifts, such as father and mother  
Only can think of for the child  
Of their hearts' love, who has beguiled  
Them their affection to divide,  
Or to make their hearts' space so wide  
As to include that other heart,  
Which, to their child, is counterpart.

The wedding-guests, from far and near,  
Had planned for well-nigh a whole year  
For this event. From Jersey, some;  
Manhattan, too; others had come—  
And not a few—from Newburgh and  
Poughkeepsie; where steamboats which land  
Along the Hudson, brought all such  
To King's-town Point; then, by stage-coach  
Seventeen miles up the old Lime Road;  
Stopping anon, to change the load  
Of passengers who, with their trunks  
Bounded on and off, with big chunks  
Of merriment, thrown all about  
Like the sunshine, just coming out  
In early morn or after a storm,  
When Nature wakens in best form.

And long before the time was due,  
The country-folk and town-folk, too,  
Would gather at the village inn  
To meet the stage-coach coming in;  
“To get the mail,” some said; but then,  
It was quite apparent that, when  
The letters all distributed,  
That which the mail contributed  
Was, for most, far less than the word  
Of general gossip they had heard.  
The wedding news, of course, would be  
Discussed by every family.

The driver gathered reins and whip  
And braced his feet, so not to slip;  
Chirped his wheel-horses, gave the lash  
To the leaders; then, for a dash!

The old stage-coach, like basket hung  
On straps of leather, swayed and swung;  
And, as they drove, the way along,  
Sometimes a jest or snatch of song  
Would almost make the company  
Think they were on a trip at sea;  
Till catching gleam of silver thread,  
Where turns the Rondout in its bed  
Far in the distance, near the wood,  
Or, circling through the meadows strewed  
With bleating flocks, like drifts of snow,  
And winding herds whose gentle low  
Was wafted to them on the breeze,  
Whispering through the wayside trees,  
They halted on some towering hill  
Till every one should drink his fill  
Of beauty of that landscape rare—  
A garden of the Lord stretched there!  
And thus refreshed, onward they went,  
Passing ox-teams with wagons, bent  
All in one direction; all filled  
With happy faces; women frilled  
And furbelowed; men stocked and dressed  
In fancy waistcoats—all their best;

But much home-spun—home-woven, too;  
Showing what Dutch house-wives could do!  
And here and there, one well could see  
The marks of aristocracy;  
Some silken gown, or Paisley shawl,  
Or broadcloth coat and breeches—all  
Spoke of Britain, France or Holland;  
Whence—prized heirlooms from those whose stand  
For larger liberty—came more  
Than clothes for children to adore!  
For it was a glorious truth,  
Where parents' mantles fell on youth,  
Hearts courageous still strongly held  
To principles their lives had spelled!

Bright faces of the little tots,  
Like daisies or forget-me-nots  
Grown thick amidst a field of green,  
Were scattered in each load as seen  
Moving toward that place where they  
Should celebrate the wedding-day.  
The guests had come; and everywhere  
Old comrades' greetings and the rare  
Recounting of the former days  
By some, whose diverse fortunes' ways  
Had led them very far apart  
From early friends and place of start;  
While nearer neighbors talked upon  
How stock and crops were coming on.

The colored servants whisked about;  
For months they'd turned things inside out.

They said: "Fer dis yere weddin' sure  
Wuz mos' glorious thing eber your

Eyes w'u'd see dis side ob glory—  
Words c'n neber tell de story!"

Under the trees the feast was spread.  
Only the branches overhead

Shut out the vision of the sky,  
With its great dome of blue and eye  
Of the sun smiling through on all;  
While, from the leafage, came the call

Of singing birds, trilling love-song  
To answering mates, to whom belong

The family cares in homes near by;  
Where, swinging in the branches high,

Patient, expectant motherhood  
Was cheered with song and hope of brood.

'Twas something like when rivulets  
Of joy break loose and spurting jets

From Love's glad heart mingle their streams  
Of soul-felt music, when the dreams

Of life, with power and beauty, come  
To fulfillment in "Home, Sweet Home."

Then, as God intended, the truth  
Of His love is our life, forsooth;

And two hearts, having found the good  
In each, are blessed in parenthood,

Which blesses oft again this earth  
By Christ's kingdom in childhood's worth.  
Such were the thoughts which stirred the hearts  
Of twain, whose own especial parts  
In life were making this their day.  
Now the Dominie led the way  
To where the wedding party, flanked  
By loyal negro servants, ranked  
According to their household place,  
Were circled round the outside space;  
While both families, with their kin,  
In easy order, waiting in  
Two long rows—one on either side—  
Formed an aisle for the train of bride  
To meet the groom at garden gate,  
Where he, in waiting, stood in state.  
Dominie Fryenmoet now gave  
Quick survey of that fair conclave,  
Then, as a signal, dropped a rose.  
Like the song of a lark, which grows  
With its flight, a sweet childish voice  
Softly lifted a mellifluous  
Strain whose spreading volume swelled till  
All that whole place it seemed to fill.  
With a cadence, then, as soft and low  
As brush of angels' wings which go  
Unseen by mortal eyes, but known  
By music of ethereal tone;

Till chorus of happy children,  
Scattering roses as they sang,  
Gave rapturous voice, in Holland Dutch,  
To the twenty-third psalm; so much  
The praise of God, the prayer of all,  
A benediction and a call  
To consecration of all life—  
To bride and groom—husband and wife—  
A heavenly hush, a holy calm  
Filled every heart with God's peace balm!  
And there, beneath the heavens blue,  
Each plighted other to be true.  
Then measured words fell from the lips  
Of the Dominie; as dew drips  
From the brow of the morning, caught  
By the sun and dextrously wrought  
Into sweetness and strength for hearts  
Of lilies and oak-trees, whose parts  
In God's plan, though widely diverse,  
Were His; and each lived to disperse  
His blessing and glory to man—  
Its own way, each; but His, the plan!  
Thus, blessings of Heaven besought  
The Dominie, asking that nought  
Of earth's destroying powers might  
Involve the present joy and light  
Of this glorious day; whose face  
Smiled promise of abundant grace

For future years, secure and blessed  
With His leading into Life's best.

Final commitment to God's care  
Was voiced by all in our Lord's Prayer;

Benediction and "Amens" said,  
Congratulations then were spread

Like sunshine o'er the happy pair;  
Who, now attended, led to where

The tables, stretched beneath the trees,  
Groaned with weight of delicacies.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"  
Till Nature's voice gave back echo,

Their hearts sincere poured gratitude,  
As offering of their thanks to God.

Around that board were other friends  
Than those whose tie by blood pretends  
To claim heart consideration.  
Kekaumo, who long held station  
As Indian medicine-man, sat  
Not far from Petrius' right and at  
Left of where Squire Klaerwater,  
With his own attractive daughter,  
Held a court of conversation  
With pleasing edification.  
Lifting a glass of water clear,  
Turning to spring which bubbled near,  
The Indian said: "A toast to you,  
In the name of our Mother true!  
"This pure, sweet water, gushing forth  
From the great heart of Mother Earth,  
Is our life, from her heart to ours—  
Free coursing of her blood, with powers  
To makes our lives as sweet and clean,  
As strong and beautiful, as seen  
In her sincerity of heart,  
Of which this evidence is part!  
Sincerity! So heavenly fair,  
It's face shines Heaven everywhere!  
As the Great Spirit, through the sun,  
Reveals Himself to everyone!  
Better than gold or jewels rare  
That priceless gem! Such glory there

That monarchs might well wish to claim  
Its virtues to enrich their fame!

When man or woman finds such soul,  
Giving like, happiness is whole!

So, here's to Happiness, good Friends!  
Long life to each and both, while bends

The arch of Heaven down to you,  
And wee papooses stepping through

Into your wigwam, share that bliss  
Which you've found in a world like this:

And I am sure, 'twill not be long  
Ere they sing, too, Life's sweetest song!"

## THE ALARM

Scarce had the last note of good-will  
Been spoken when, o'er the hill,  
Came messenger, running with stride  
As if the wings of the wind, tied  
To his feet, gave desperate speed  
To announce some desperate deed.  
Straight to Petrius hastened he;  
Advised with him most quietly;  
Then quickly on again he strode  
Through the fields to the old Lime Road.  
Katrinje's ears his words had caught—  
She pondered well the vexing thought!  
An Indian uprising had come  
Again to menace peace and home.  
The Napanogs had suddenly  
Called council at the "Big Pine Tree;"  
Where tumbling falls leap o'er high brink  
Some four miles back from Wawarssinck.  
They planned to have a holiday,  
Sweeping with torch along the way  
Down the valley, clear to King's-town!  
Such was the word the man brought down.  
A friendly Indian passed the word  
To Abe Bevier; which, when he heard  
Saddled his horse and fairly flew  
All about Wawarssinck and through  
To Kahanesing garrison;  
And they had sent the warning on.

Petrius, rising, bowing low  
To the Indian, said: "Kekaumo,  
Our thanks! We love you as our friend!  
We know your heart is true; but bend  
Your bow; and, with an arrow dipped  
In this same love we know and tipped  
With a flint whose strike calls the spark,  
Let go straight to the steely mark  
Of hearts of other Indians here  
Till they glow with like warmth sincere!  
That messenger just brought us news  
Of a plot to turn fire-brands loose  
Throughout our valley beautiful!  
Dastardly! We are dutiful  
To our homes and families—all!  
And to such friends, like you, whose call  
To our hearts gives us well to know  
That hearts like yours ne'er stoop so low.  
As with a stealthy tread and hand  
Of death—a fire-destroying band—  
Would seek to do despite to those  
Who count you brothers, and not foes!  
So we reciprocate your toast!  
*"Sincerity of heart"*—no boast  
Of anything, save just the truth—  
Most valiant strength for age and youth;  
But, let it here be understood  
That should you hold our friendship good  
We, on our part, shall call it well;  
If not, I can not, just here, tell

What consequence may follow free  
Upon the heels of treachery!  
If, as we feel, you are our friend,  
You will quickly put some fixed end  
To such things as this! Do but prove  
By quick action, how much that love  
You bear us holds of verity—  
How much of heart sincerity!  
We've always sought to treat you well;  
And, if you've aught against us, tell  
Us *now* what ling'ring grievance lurks  
To give place and power to such works  
As this we hear about! If friends,  
The spirit of our love transcends  
Such ignorance and malice mad,  
Whose eyes are blind, whose heart is bad!  
If we be men who cherish right,  
Let the Great Spirit be our light!  
Let peace between our peoples dwell,  
And here make Heaven—not a Hell!  
Brother, eat, drink and haste away  
And ne'er stop till you stoutly stay  
This murderous scheme! But, ere you go,  
Let your blood with mine swear that no  
Red man's heart shall e'er burn with hate  
Toward us, who on our part wait  
Only to show you fellowship,  
With heart as well as word of lip!"

## THE COVENANT

“Petrius, brothers sworn are we!  
Kekaumo’s heart speaks: ‘If need be,  
Kekaumo’s heart will give its blood  
And stop its beat to turn the flood  
Of any evil that may come  
To you or yours, or to that home  
Which you and your fair bride, this day,  
Are setting up along Life’s way!  
I go; and you need have no fear  
That a red man will e’er come near  
With fire or deed of deadly harm!  
Kekaumo has a strong right arm!  
Kekaumo is medicine-man!  
Kekaumo speaks so winds’ ears can  
Catch his words and carry them on  
Till every red man’s heart takes down  
The message that Kekaumo gives—  
And there is not the Indian lives  
Who will not lift his face to Sun  
And bow his head and say, ‘ ’Tis done!’  
Let nothing mar your wedding-feast!  
Farewell! May every day, at least,  
Bring you that joy and sweet content  
Which from Kekaumo’s heart are sent!  
Farewell!’ ” The Indian mounted steed;  
And, far away, the hastening speed  
Of echoed hoof-beats sounded faint,  
As though “Farewell!” were prayed by saint!

## FULFILMENT

And such Kekaumo was, that day—  
A saint indeed, in earthly clay,  
Whose spirit, with its power, dwelt  
Where need could reach when need was felt!  
And thus the wedding-feast progressed  
In peaceful valley, undistressed  
As evidence of truth in toast  
Kekaumo proffered to his host,  
Upon his wedding-day with her—  
Katrinje—there at Rochester!  
Whate'er calamity befell  
Other hamlets, truth 'tis to tell  
That Rochester ne'er shared such fate  
As fire or death through Indian hate.

Petrius and Katrinje long  
Abode at their new home, where song  
Of love with daily toil was blent;  
And oft their little children spent  
Their happiest hours in listening  
To that old story once again,  
About Kekaumo, doctor-man,  
Who gave such good heart medicine  
That all disease of red man's hate  
Was sure to quickly dissipate!  
And later still, on Grandpa's knee  
Or huddled round, attentively,

Little heads—a dozen or more—  
Would bob and say, "One more before  
We go to bed, grandpa! That one  
About the Indian man—the one  
Who gave toast to Grandma and you,  
Then made his wishes all come true!"











LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 348 132 0

1922

5

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 348 132 0

